

CHANDAMAMA

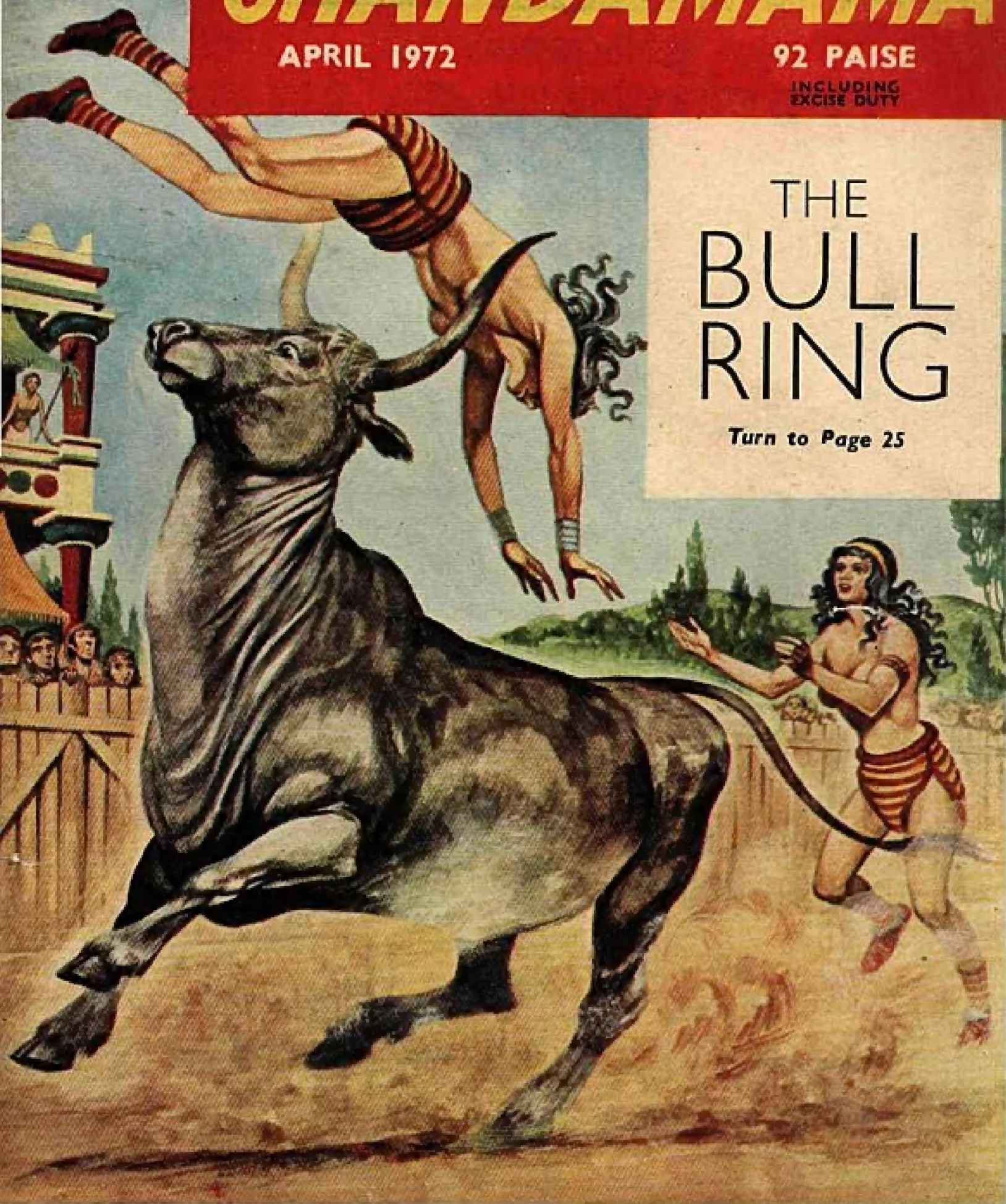
APRIL 1972

92 PAISE

INCLUDING
EXCISE DUTY

THE BULL RING

Turn to Page 25



A TONIC THAT JUST INCREASES APPETITE IS ONLY DOING HALF THE JOB.

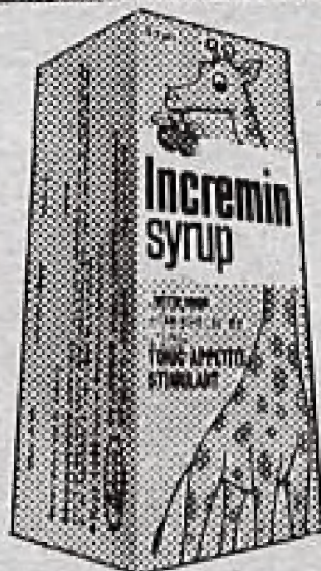
**get Incremin...
it turns extra eating into extra growth**



Goodness
growdious!



Ledette



**Join the Incremin gang...
and get an appetite for growing!**

4 Incremin Syrup (with iron)
for older children — 175 ml & 57 ml
Incremin Drops for babies — 10 ml

Incremin

TONIC Available at all chemists

* A registered trade mark of
American Cyanamid Company

Lickable...Likeable...Lovable



Only
25
Paise!



NEW **PARLE**

POPPINS
FRUITY SWEETS

13 delicious sweets in five fruity flavours in each handy,
low-priced pack—Lime, Lemon, Orange, Pineapple and Raspberry!

SO ENJOY A SWEET TREAT—POP OUT POPPINS

SUPERB BOOKS for Chandamama Readers

THE NECTAR OF THE GODS

The story of Soumani, the little girl, who visited the Kingdom of the Gods. Written by Mathuram Boothalingam and lavishly illustrated: Price Rs. 4.00



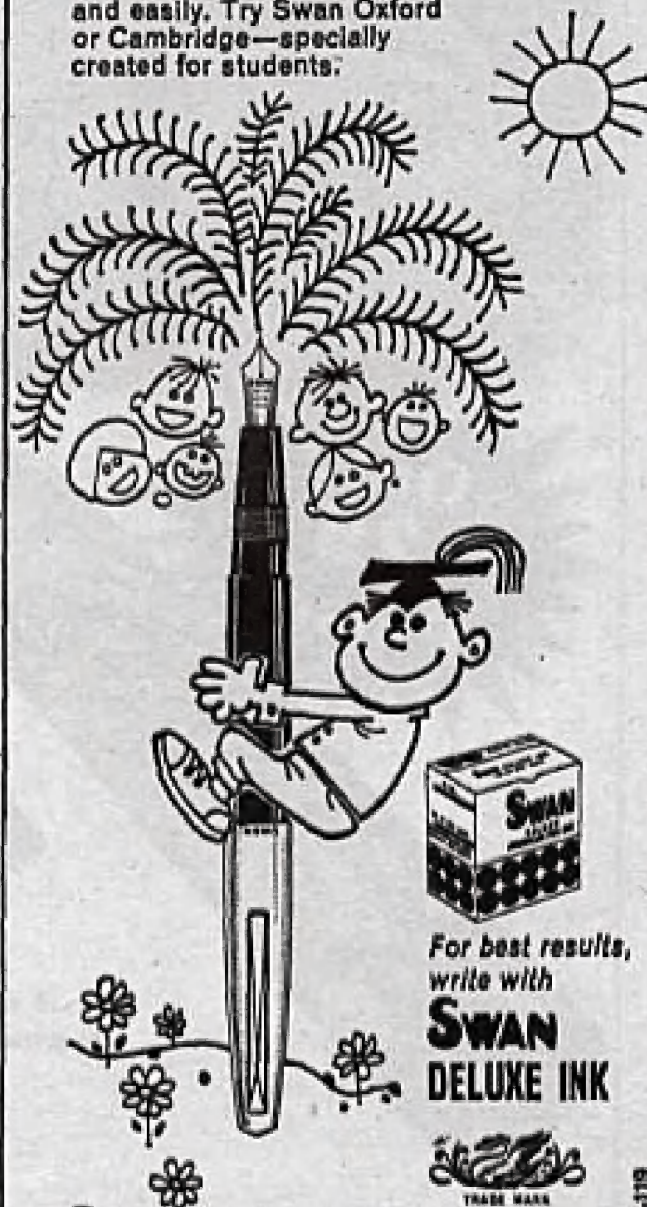
SONS OF PANDU

Mathuram Boothalingam relates in lovely words the main story of the great Indian epic, Mahabharata. A story that will always endure: Price Rs. 5.25

Order direct from:
Dolton Agencies,
Chandamama Buildings, Madras-26

climb to success with SWAN PENS

You find success in exams is very easy with Swan pens. Your writing flows smoothly and easily. Try Swan Oxford or Cambridge—specially created for students.



For best results,
write with
**SWAN
DELUXE INK**



SWAN (INDIA) PVT. LTD.

Advani Chambers, P. Mehta Road, Bombay-1.
Branch: 34-B, Connaught Place, New Delhi-1

Hero's SJ-119



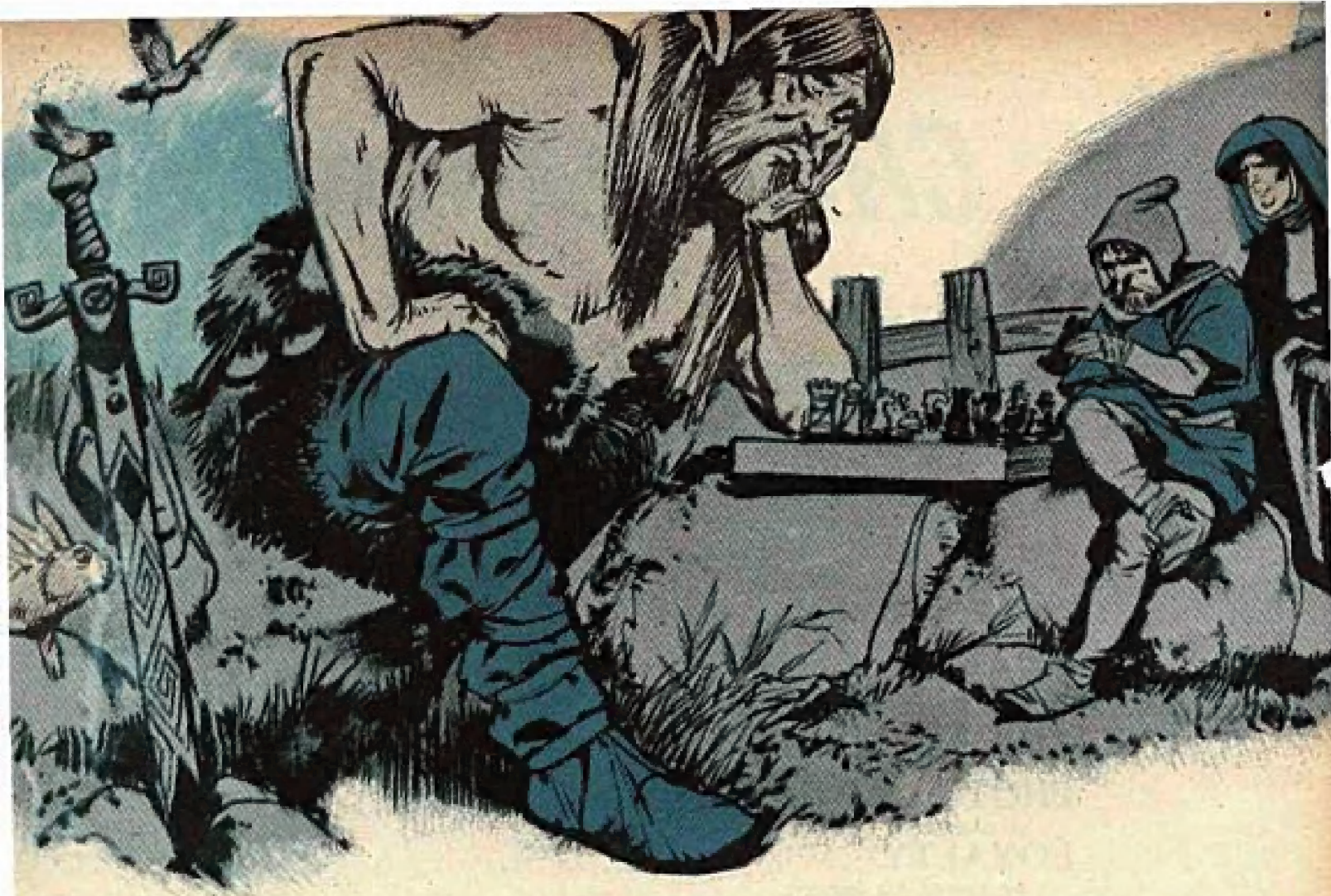
CHANDAMAMA

Vol. 2 No. 10

April 1972

THE THREE HIDING PLACES	...	6
<i>the giant came a cropper</i>		
THE MAGIC FIDDLE	11
<i>they danced to his tune</i>		
EASY MONEY	17
<i>he didn't look hard enough</i>		
ROBIN HOOD	19
<i>the Sheriff was really upset</i>		
THE BULL-RING OF KING MINOS...		25
<i>our cover story</i>		
PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST	26
<i>a chance to win some money</i>		
LOYALTY	27
<i>he served his master</i>		
MAHABHARATA...	32
<i>another episode of the great epic</i>		
CARD INDEX OF KNOWLEDGE	37
<i>a glimpse at Austria</i>		
THE CURSE	39
<i>evil deeds often rebound</i>		
THE HORSE	43
<i>the King didn't like milk</i>		
THE MISCHIEVOUS WOOD-SPRITE		48
<i>a fellow to avoid</i>		
SUMMER AND CANADA	52
<i>a really delightful story</i>		
THE WRESTLING MATCH	58
<i>the minister won the contest</i>		
THE MAN OF CLAY...	60
<i>we have a weakness for giants</i>		

Printed by B. V. Reddi at The Prasad Process Private Ltd.. and Published by B. Viswanatha Reddi for Chandamama Publications, 2 & 3, Arcot Road, Madras-26. Controlling Editor: 'Chakrapani'



THE THREE HIDING PLACES

Long, long ago, so the old Norsemen believed, the gods lived in their home of Asgard, far above the Earth. At the end of the world, in Jotenheim, the land of ice and snow, lived the giants who were the enemies of the gods.

One day, one of the giants paid a visit to a peasant, who lived in a little cottage by the sea-shore, with his wife and young son. The peasant was very poor and he had to work hard from dawn to sunset, just to provide enough food for his



family to eat, but when he had time to sit by the fire and rest in the evening, his one delight was to play chess.

The giant challenged the peasant to a game of chess and the peasant agreed and asked what stakes they should play for. "Whichever of us wins may take from the other the possession he most desires," replied the giant.

The poor peasant thought for a moment. It seemed a good idea to him, for he had so few possessions that he was sure there was little of his that the giant could want, so he agreed and the game began. They were well matched and the game

went on all day and all night, but finally, as dawn was breaking, the giant won.

"Now give me my reward," he said to the peasant. "I will take your son, for, according to our bargain, he is mine."

The horrified peasant begged the giant to change his mind and take something else, but the giant only roared with laughter. Finally, however, he agreed to let the boy stay with them for the night. "If, when I come back tomorrow morning, you have hidden your son so carefully that I cannot find him, you shall keep him," said the giant. Then he left.

The parents thought and thought, but it seemed there was nowhere they could hide their child. Finally, very sad, the peasant decided to call on Odin, king of all the gods. Odin heard their pleas and came to the cottage door. When they opened the door he said, "Give me your son and I will hide him for you. Perhaps the giant will not find him." The parents gladly gave Odin their boy and Odin changed him into a grain of wheat which he hid in a wheatfield nearby.

Next morning, the giant came back to the cottage. He looked

carefully around and it seemed that he had some magic to aid him, for he went at once to the wheatfield and began to cut it down. He threw aside each armful but the last and from that he plucked a single ear of wheat and began to pick off

each grain until he held the one which was really the boy. The peasant and his wife wept in despair and Odin took pity on them, for he blew like a puff of wind so that the grain was tossed from the giant's fingers back to the parents and turned into the boy again. "I have done my best, now you must help yourselves," said Odin.

The giant strode up to the cottage. "That was good, but you must do better than that if you wish to keep your son," he said. "Tomorrow, I shall return and try again." Then he went away.

All that night the parents racked their brains to think of a place to hide their child, but finally they decided to call on the god Honir, who was Odin's brother. Honir knocked on the cottage door and when they opened it he took the boy and turned him into a feather and hid him on the breast of a swan, which swam on the nearby river.

Next morning, the giant returned and looked around. Then he went to the river. He picked the swan off the water, killed it and plucked off its feathers, one by one, until he reached the one which was the



boy. Honir, taking pity on the weeping parents, blew like a puff of wind so that the feather flew into the cottage, where it changed into the boy again.

"I have done all I can, now you must help yourselves," said Honir.

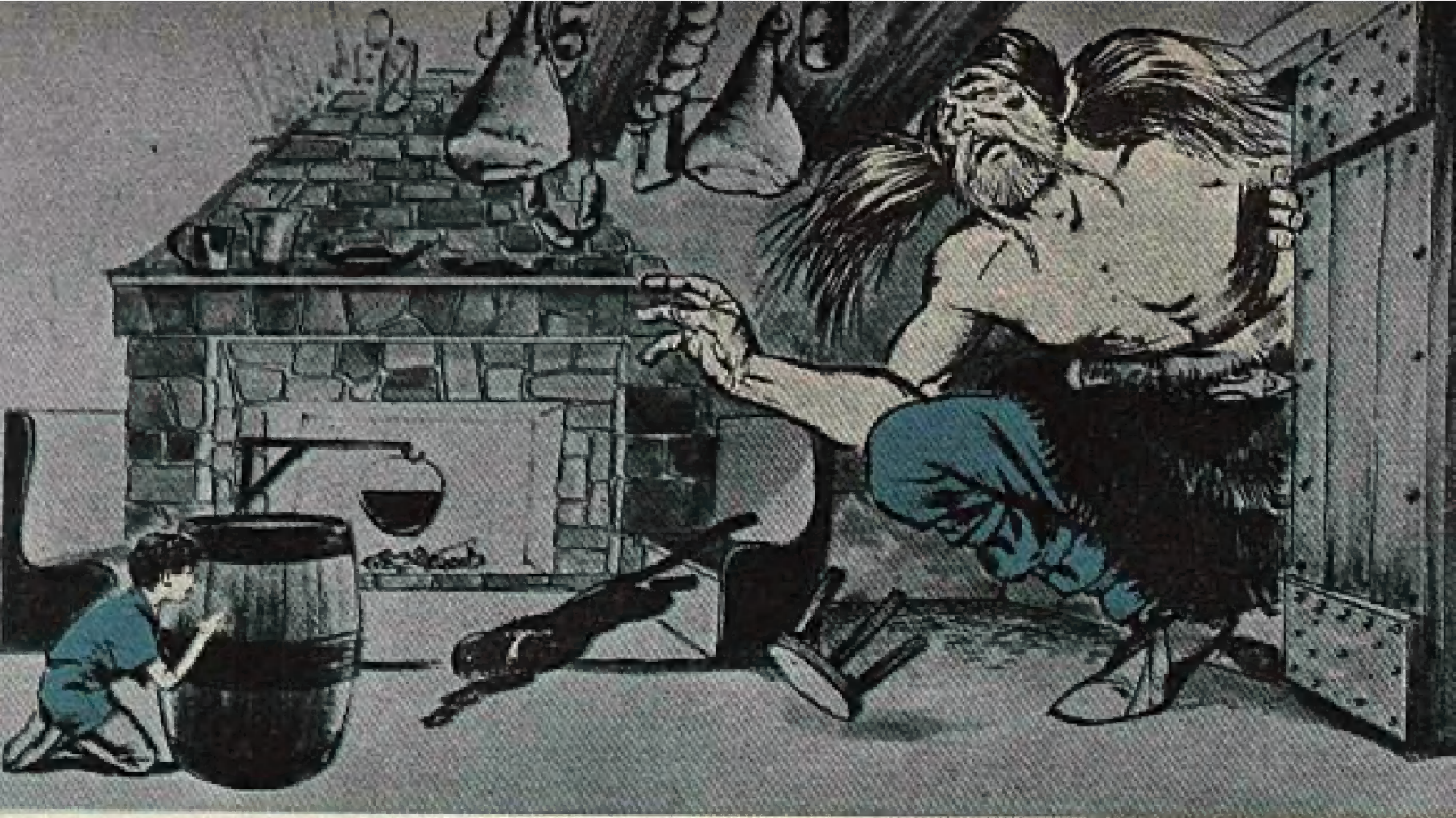
The giant went back to the cottage. "That is not good enough," he said. "I will give you one more chance. I will try again tomorrow."

That night, the terrified parents called on Loki, the cunning god of fire. In their fireplace the wood had died down but suddenly it burned up again with a bright flame and in the light of the fire, they saw Loki standing in the room. "Give me your son and I will do my best to see that the giant does not find him this time," he said. Then he changed the boy into the tiny egg of a fish and hid him among the eggs of a haddock which swam far from the shore.

Next morning, the giant returned. He went to the shore and looked carefully around him. Then he hurried away and fetched his boat. As he was climbing into it, Loki called, "Take me fishing with you."



The two got into the boat and set out and in the middle of the sea, the giant baited his hook and caught fish after fish until at last he caught the haddock. He placed it carefully in the boat and rowed back to shore. Then he took his knife, cut it open and took out all the eggs



until he came to the one which was the boy.

"What have you there?" asked Loki.

"Only a haddock's egg," replied the giant.

"I don't believe it," said Loki. "No one would take such care to find a single haddock's egg. Let me see it."

The giant held it out for Loki to look at and as he did so, Loki snatched it from his fingers and turned it back into the child. "Run and hide yourself in the cottage," he said to the terrified boy.

The boy ran from the beach to the cottage and rushed inside, banging the door shut behind

him. The giant followed, calling to the boy to come out. He wrenched open the door and thrust his head in, but, as Loki had thought, he forgot how small the cottage was and how low the beams were and he struck his head such a blow that he fell senseless to the ground. Loki killed with him one blow of the fishing knife, then he took the boy back to his parents.

Ever after, the grateful parents thought Loki the greatest of all the gods for while the others had given and gone away, saying "Now you must help yourselves," Loki had stayed with them and tricked the giant to the end.

THE MAGIC FIDDLE

Once upon a time there was a young country lad whose name was Hans. For three long years he worked for his harsh-hearted master, without receiving any money at all, but finally he thought that it was time he had some wages. The farmer whom Hans worked for knew that he was a simple lad and, since he himself was so miserly, he only gave Hans threepence; one penny for each year's work.

Hans had never had any money before and so he did not know that three pennies were not worth very much. He felt as rich as a king and decided to set off to see the world.

He went on his way, singing merrily, but he had not gone very far before he met a dwarf.

"You sound very jolly," said the dwarf. "What is it that makes you feel so pleased with life?"

"I have a purse full of riches," replied Hans, proudly.

"How much do you have?" the dwarf asked him and Hans





told him that he had three whole pennies.

"I am very poor," said the dwarf, sadly. "I wish you would give them to me."

Hans felt sorry for the little man, so he said, "Well, I suppose you may as well have them. I am not used to riches, so I shall not really miss them."

Hans handed the three pennies to the dwarf, who beamed happily.

"You are a kind lad," the dwarf told him. "In return for your goodness, I will grant you three wishes, one for each penny."

Hans thought very hard and then he said, "I would like a bow that brings down everything I shoot at, a fiddle that sets everyone dancing who hears it and I would like everyone to grant whatever I ask."

The dwarf said that he should have his three wishes and gave him the bow and the fiddle. As Hans walked on, he came to a rich merchant standing beneath the branches of a tree. On the topmost branch sat a thrush, singing sweetly.

"What I would give to have a bird like that," sighed the merchant.

"If that is all you want, I will soon get it down for you," said Hans and he took aim with his bow and brought the thrush down to the ground into some bushes.

The rich merchant was well-known in the area as a hard-hearted miser and swindler and so when he went into the bushes to pick up the fallen bird, Hans began to play the fiddle. At once, the merchant began to leap and caper about in the middle of all the twigs and thorns, unable to stop. Before long his clothes had been almost torn off and his arms and legs were scratched and bleeding.

"Stop, stop," he pleaded. "If you do, I will give you a great reward."

At last, Hans agreed to stop playing, in return for a hundred florins, which the merchant had just won from cheating some poor customer. Then, Hans went happily on his way, while the angry merchant nursed his wounds and tried to think of a way to get his revenge.

At last, the wicked merchant devised a plan. He made his way into the town and went to the judge's house. When the judge saw him, he was amazed.

"What has happened to you, poor fellow?" he asked.

"I have been beaten and robbed," lied the merchant. "It was a peasant rascal, who carries a fiddle with him. I insist, sir, that you have him

arrested, before he attacks someone else."

"Quite so, quite so," agreed the judge. "I will send the soldiers out at once."

The judge called for the captain of the guard and told him that all the soldiers must start searching for this wicked attacker.

The soldiers went from house to house, asking everyone they met if they had seen a young



country lad carrying a fiddle. Everyone shook their head. No, they had not seen him.

Eventually, they came to a plump lady, who was an orange-seller in the streets of the town.

"Have you seen a young country lad, carrying a fiddle, ma'am?" one of the soldiers asked her. "He attacks and robs people. It is important

that we should catch him as soon as possible."

She nodded, "A young man fitting that description has just passed by," she told them, "but he looked harmless enough to me. He went down that alleyway on the other side of the street."

Thanking the orange-seller, the soldiers hurried off and soon



caught up with Hans.

"At last," cried the captain of the guard, triumphantly. "Seize him, he is under arrest."

Hans demanded to know what he had done wrong, but no one bothered to take any notice of him. Kicking and

struggling, he was taken to the court house to stand trial.

The merchant told his untrue story to the court of how Hans had attacked him and the terrible thing was that everyone



believed him. Poor Hans was sentenced to death by the judge, but as the soliders tried to drag him from the court, he cried out to the judge to be granted one last request before he died.

"Anything, so long as it is not your life," replied the judge, "for I would not grant you that."

"No, it is not that," Hans said. "I only ask that I be allowed to play on my fiddle just once more."

"No, no," cried the merchant, from the back of the courtroom. "You must not let him touch that fiddle."

The judge only laughed. "Come now, there can be no harm in it. It will not take very long."

One of the soldiers handed Hans his fiddle and he at once struck up a tune. At the very first note, the judge began to jig his feet and dance about. Then the soldiers joined in and so did the clerks of the court. The jailer, the merchant, the orange-seller, in fact, everyone in the crowded court, began whirling merrily.

At first, the dancing was pleasant enough, until everyone realised that they were quite unable to stop and that the

music was becoming faster and faster. They pleaded with Hans to stop playing, but he took no notice.

"I will not stop," he cried, "until the merchant tells the truth."

Everyone went spinning around the courtroom faster than ever and at last, the merchant had to admit the truth.

"I was not robbed at all," he gasped. "I did not speak the truth. He did not attack me. I gave him the gold and it was money that I cheated out of a customer."

Hans stopped playing and everyone sank exhausted to the ground. He was allowed to go on his way, a free man, and the merchant was taken prisoner in his place.





EASY MONEY

Bhim, the village headman, sat at his desk on the verandah enjoying the morning sun, as he diligently went through his accounts. His jovial expression masked a very keen mind, and no one could ever boast of getting the better of him in money transactions.

As Bhim sat there, a stranger approached and sat down in front of Bhim, who was eyeing the man with a puzzled look.

"I am Gopal the great astrologer," said the stranger proudly "I have letters of praise from princes and high officials and for a small fee, I will tell you what the future holds in store for you."

Bhim regarded him darkly and was about to send him off

when the astrologer took hold of his hand and peered intently at the palm.

After studying Bhim's hand for several minutes, the astrologer threw up his hands in amazement. "I have never seen the like of it for years," he shouted excitedly. "You have a wonderful future. Not only will you live to a ripe old age, but I can see great wealth pouring into your lap, and you will become a minister, probably a chief minister."

Somehow Bhim didn't look at all impressed and in a sarcastic tone asked: "And how much do I owe you for all this wisdom?"

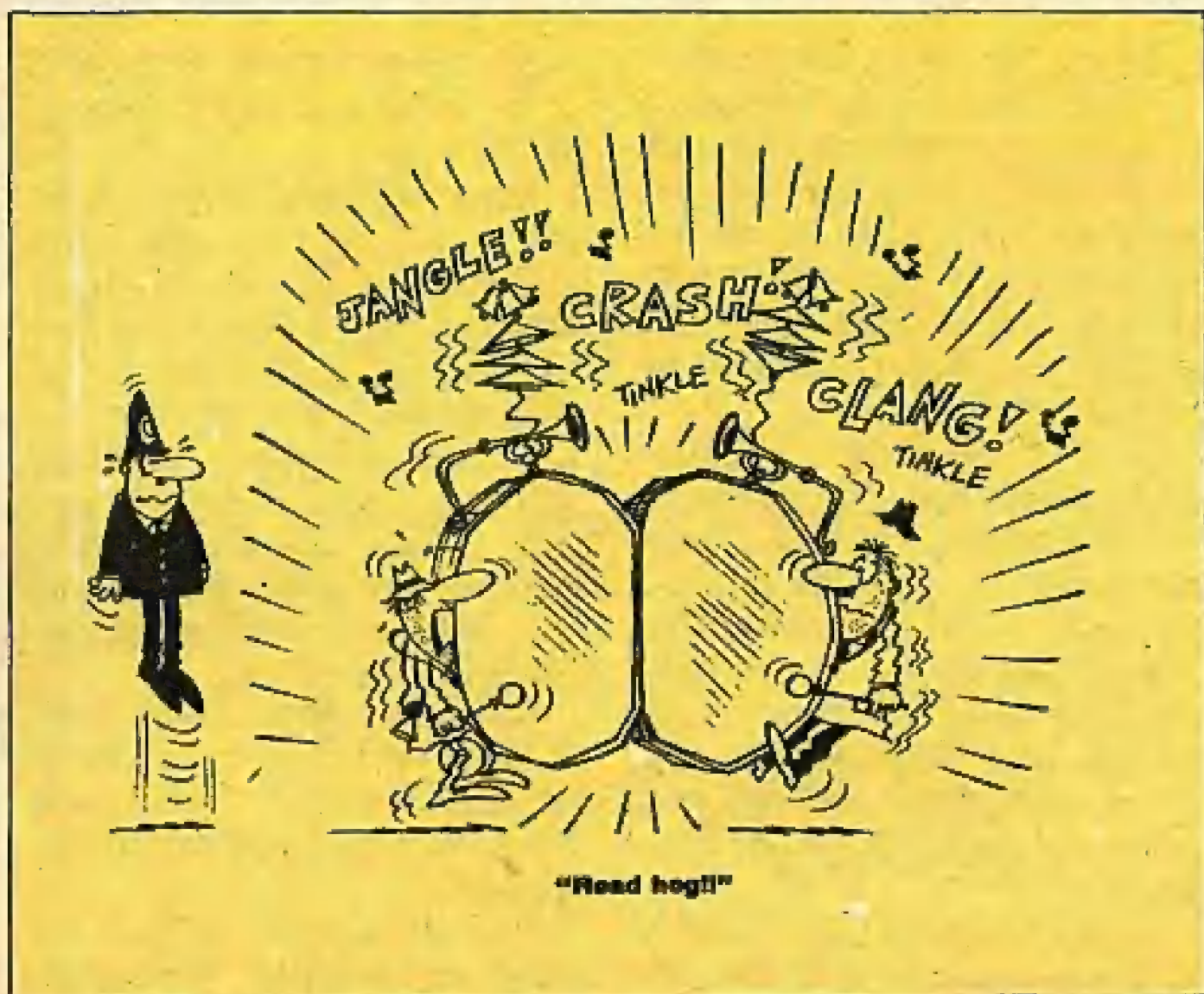
The astrologer rubbed his hands and smiled. "Well, prin-

ces have thrust untold gold on me. Why, in this village I have received a thousand rupees in only two days. So, I will leave it your kind generosity my good man."

Bhim thrust his hand under the astrologer's nose. "There appears to be one thing you did not observe," he said sternly. "As headman of this village, I am empowered to collect ten per cent of any profitable tran-

saction. So as you have received one thousand rupees, you have to pay me one hundred rupees as tax."

The astrologer opened his mouth in voluble protest, but one look at Bhim's face told him that arguments would be in vain. So he paid up and went off muttering a lot of nice things that should happen to that accursed headman.





While King Richard Lion Heart was away in Palestine, his brother Prince John, plotted to seize the throne helped by Robert the Wolf. However, there were men loyal to King Richard, and one was Robin Hood. Robin was really the Earl of Huntingdon. He lived as an outlaw in Sherwood Forest with a band of loyal friends.

Robert the Wolf went to the Sheriff of Nottingham with orders to capture Robin and bring him in, dead or alive. The Sheriff tried to get out of it, but Robert the Wolf would not listen to excuses. So the Sheriff, at the head of a band of armed men, rode into Sherwood Forest. But Much the Miller, hiding in a tree, spotted the armed cavalcade.





Much the Miller took out his hunting horn and blew a warning that rang and echoed through the forest. Robin and his merry men heard the signal and hurried noiselessly to where Much the Miller lay hidden, watching the enemy.

The Sheriff and his men also heard the horn. One soldier rode up to the Sheriff and said, huskily. "They have seen us." "What if they have," replied the Sheriff. "We're more than a match for them." The Sheriff and his men rode deeper into the forest, little realising that all around carefully hidden, were Robin's men.



"There's no sign of them," the Sheriff shouted to his men. Then Robin called to him: "Ho Sheriff, here's a sign." His bowstring twanged and his arrow sped through the air and whisked the Sheriff's hat right off his head, and startled him so much that he toppled out of his saddle and fell to the ground.



The Sheriff was furious. He lay under a tree and his hat was fixed to the trunk by Robin's arrow. He was about to order his men to charge when Robin called to him. "Stay there Sheriff, or my next arrow will be much closer."

"Tell all your men to throw down their arms, Sheriff," Robin ordered, and the Sheriff had to obey. He could not see Robin's men in the thickets, at first, but when his men threw down their weapons, they all came into view.





The Sheriff and all his soldiers were Robin's prisoners. "Take away their weapons and their valuables," ordered Robin. "We can make better use of them than they can," Robin's men, led by Little John hastened to obey.

The Sheriff was furious and brandished his clenched fist in Robin's face. "Robber! Scoundrel!!!" he roared. "I will see you suffer for this!"



The Sheriff was so angry he tried to attack Robin, but Little John held him back. "You are a traitor to King Richard," said Robin. "You are in the pay of Prince John, and you deserve to die, but we are merciful men."

Robin gathered the spoils together. With Little John's aid he sorted them out. "The cloaks and valuables we shall give to the poor, but the weapons we shall take for our own use," he declared. "We'll keep the horses, as well."



Then he turned to the angry Sheriff. "You can walk home to Nottingham," he said, with a chuckle. "It's a long way, but the exercise will do you good. Off you go, now." The Sheriff and his soldiers had to do what Robin said.

Fortunately for them, Robin showed them which was the right road so they did not lose their way, but it was a long, weary trudge, and the Sheriff's fury increased with every step. "Everybody will laugh at us," he said mournfully.





The citizens of Nottingham certainly did laugh when they saw the Sheriff and his men walk home without weapons and cloaks. The Sheriff had to soak his poor, blistered feet, and swore he would get his own back on Robin Hood.

Robin called a meeting of his friends to talk about what had happened. "The Sheriff will come again, with more soldiers," he told them, "So we must always be on our guard. From this moment, it's going to be a hard fight."



Arthur the Tanner brought a paper to Robin. "I found it in the Sheriff's pocket," he said. Robin read it with glee. "It gives the date of Nottingham Fair," he laughed. "It starts next week, so we'll go and have lots of fun."

ANOTHER EXCITING EPISODE IN NEXT ISSUE

The Bull-ring of King Minos



On holidays and festival days on the island of Crete, groups of gay, chattering Minoan people would make their way to the bull-ring. Their favourite pastime was to watch the bull-leaping.

It was a very dangerous sport, and it was probably the poor slaves enforced from Athens, who performed this spectacle for their masters to enjoy. The bull-leaper had to face a charging bull, vault over its horns, land on its back, and then somersault to the ground, as you can see the girl doing on the front cover and on this page.

The Minoan dynasty goes back to about 2500 to 1400 B.C. Many legends centre around the mighty tyrant, King Minos of Crete, who built the fabulous palace-city of Knossos. It is on the ruined walls of the

palace that we find paintings of bull-leaping, and that is all we know of this spectacle.

Bulls were clearly sacred to the Minoans, who built Knossos, and there is an old legend which said that the island of Crete rested on the horns of a huge bull beneath the sea.

Another great question mark hangs over the destruction of Knossos. What vast terror wiped out that palace-city when it was still wealthy and powerful? Deep layers of ash show that there was a great fire. There also seems to have been a terrible earthquake. One thing is certain, the last moments of Knossos must have seemed like the end of the world!

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST

Here is your opportunity to win a cash prize!
Winning captions will be announced in the June issue



- ★ These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- ★ Prize of Rs. 20 will be awarded for the best double caption. Remember, entries must be received by the 30th April.
- ★ Your entry should be written on a postcard, giving your full name and address, together with age and sent to:

Photo Caption Contest,
Chandamama Magazine,
Madras-26.

Result of Photo Caption Contest in February Issue

The prize is awarded to
Mr. N. Natarajan,
19, 5th Street,
Abramapuram,
Madras-18

Winning entry—'Hostile Leers'—'Friendly Cheers'

LOYALTY



Our story goes back to the days when King Gokhale ruled Vidarbha. Gokhale was not only a great warrior, but he was a wise and just ruler, and so the kingdom was both peaceful and prosperous.

One day the king, accompanied by some of his nobles, set out on a tiger hunt in the forest that bordered the north of the city. As was his wont, the king rode at a furious pace, and soon left his companions far behind. Coming to a dense part of the forest, the king slackened his speed, and then he caught sight of a huge tiger stalking through the underbrush. Quickly dismounting, the king fitted an arrow to his bow, and aimed to hit the massive beast just behind the shoulder.

Unluckily the arrow failed to strike a vital spot, and with an angry roar, the enraged tiger bounded straight for the king. With no time to fire a second arrow, the king made a frantic effort to draw his sword. Then just as the tiger prepared to



The king followed Ram Sharma

leap, a man armed with an axe, came rushing out of the thicket, and before the tiger could turn on this new enemy, the man dealt the tiger a terrific blow with his axe, killing the beast on the spot.

"Good, good," exclaimed the king. "I certainly owe my life to you. But tell me, who are you?"

"I am Ram Sharma, a poor brahmin," the man replied quietly. "I manage to make a living by cutting and selling wood."

The king frowned: "That is a poor livelihood for a brave

man such as you. If you will accept, I will make you captain of my guard."

"I do not expect any reward, Your Majesty," said Ram Sharma earnestly. "But I will be happy to serve you."

And so Ram Sharma became captain of the king's guard, and resplendent in his uniform, he was for ever hovering in the background, keeping an eagle's eye on the king's welfare.

One evening the king beckoned to Ram Sharma: "Recently there have been complaints of terrible moans coming from the old graveyard at the back of the palace."

"I too have heard these moans, Your Majesty," said Ram Sharma. "I will go at once and investigate."

The king held up his hand: "Not so fast, my friend. No one has dared to go inside that graveyard for many years. There is a ruined temple there, and it is said that anyone who enters never comes out alive."

"I am not afraid," replied Ram Sharma with a smile. And saying that, he strode off in the direction of the graveyard.

The king watched him go, and then decided to follow, thinking, Ram Sharma was cer-

tainly a brave man, but should he encounter any danger in the graveyard, I will be close by to lend him assistance.

Meanwhile, Ram Sharma walked boldly into the graveyard, which was overgrown with huge trees, festooned with creepers and was a dark and forbidding place. Now the moans were much louder as though someone was in terrible agony. Peering around Ram Sharma could make out the figure of an old woman sitting on the ground, her face covered by her hands, and as she rocked to and fro, her shuddering body let out these dreadful moans.

"What ails you, my good woman?" said Ram Sharma, coming closer. "I am the captain of the king's guard and have been sent here to help you."

The old woman looked up at him, and shook her head: "There is nothing you can do. I am the ruling deity of the kingdom, and I am in anguish, for within a week the good King Gokhale will meet a terrible death."

Ram Sharma was horrified. "Surely something can be done to save the king?"

"There is but one way,"



An old woman was in the Graveyard

replied the old woman softly. "In this graveyard is a ruined temple of the goddess Kali. If a young boy is sacrificed to her, only then will the king live."

Ram Sharma stumbled out of the graveyard, his mind confused and troubled. Who would willingly sacrifice their son so that the king may live? There was only one answer, it would have to be his own son, who he loved so dearly.

As Ram Sharma walked blindly toward the palace, he little realised that the king, hiding behind a tree, had overheard all that had been said



The Goddess stopped the Sacrifice

in the graveyard.

Entering his house, Ram Sharma dare not waken his wife and tell her the ghastly ritual he had to perform, but tearfully picking up the sleeping body of his son, he wrapped him in a blanket and carried him to the temple of the goddess Kali.

Inside the ruined temple, Ram Sharma could make out a stone

platform standing in front of a shrine. Here he thought gloomily, countless sacrifices had been made through the years, and now, my own son must die to save another.

Laying his son gently down on the stone platform, Ram Sharma drew his sword, and reciting a hymn in praise of the goddess, raised his sword, but before he could plunge the blade

into his son's body, his wrist was grasped firmly. Turning round, Ram Sharma was astounded to find himself confronted by the shining form of the goddess Kali.

The goddess smiled and spoke in a gentle voice: "To be willing to sacrifice your own son in order to save the life of your king, was a noble gesture. Take your son, and go home happy that I have decreed your king will live a full life."

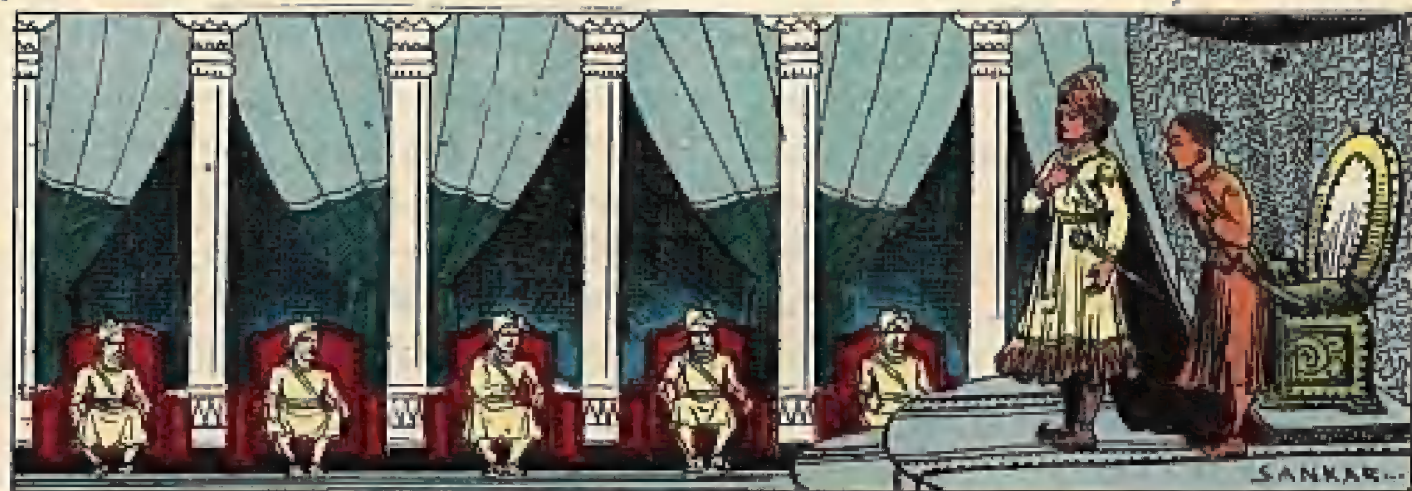
With that the goddess vanished, and Ram Sharma, overcome with joy, clutched his son to him and hurried out of the temple, muttering prayers of thanks. As his footsteps grew fainter in the distance, the king emerged from behind a pillar, and obsessed with his thoughts, quietly left the temple.

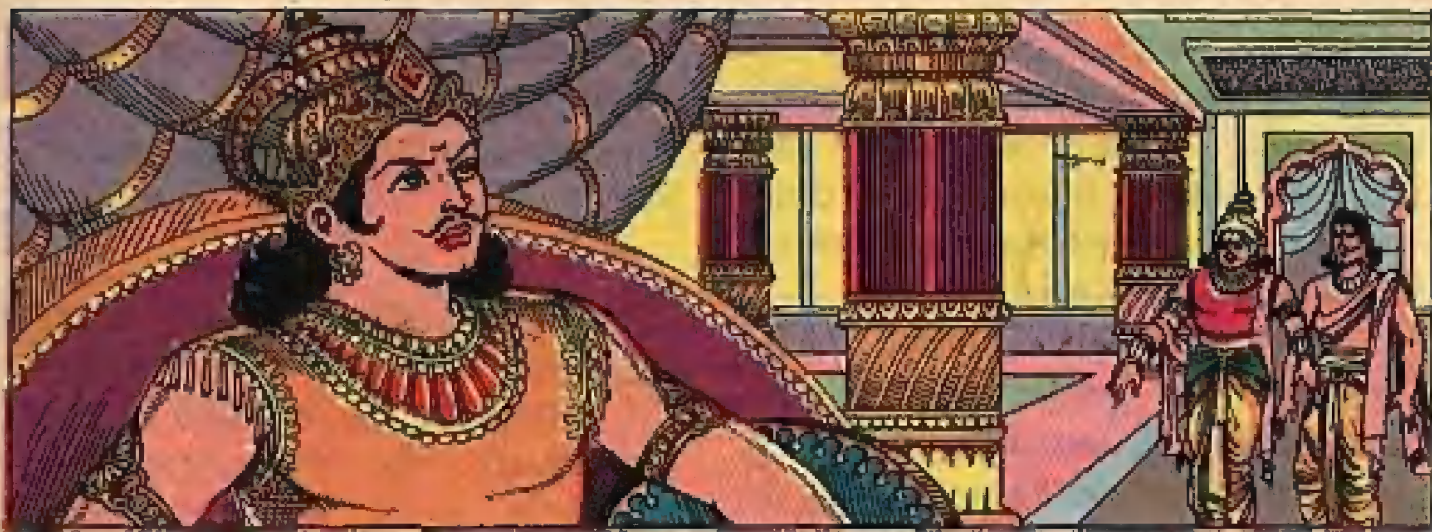
The following morning, the king sent for Ram Sharma and

asked him if he had discovered who was responsible for all that moaning in the old graveyard.

"It was of no importance, Your Majesty," said Ram Sharma with rare simplicity. "I found an old woman in the graveyard who was bewailing the loss of a loved one. I managed to console her and sent her home."

"I am glad to know it was only a woman moaning in her distress," exclaimed the king with a trace of a smile. Then as Ram Sharma turned to leave, the king added as an afterthought. "I was about to stop the sacrifice when the goddess appeared. Your loyalty and devotion moves me with pride, and from now you will be one of my ministers in council, and above all, my trusted friend."





MAHABHARATA

The story so far:

The conditions of the banishment of the Pandava princes were hard. They must pass twelve years in exile and they must remain a year in concealment. If they were discovered within this last year, they must go into exile for another twelve years.

Now, the stipulated period of twelve years in exile was drawing to a close. The Pandava princes with Draupadi, had journeyed through the Gandhamadana mountains, then they returned to the Kamyaka forest for a while, and afterwards decided to spend remaining year in the Dwaita forest.

As usual, many brahmanas visited the princes, and one returning to Hastinapura, sought audience with the blind King, Dhritarashtra. The sage told the king that the Pandava princes had undergone many hardships and privations during their exile. Dhritarashtra expressed his regrets and concern, but inwardly he was sorely troubled. He could foresee that the envy and greed of his son Duryodhana, would eventually lead to a blood conflict with the justly wrathful Pandavas, which would mean the ignoble end of the proud Kura race.

Unbeknown to Dhritarashtra, the evil minded Sakuni

and Karna overheard the sage telling the king of the sufferings the Pandavas had to endure. Their elation at such good news filled them with joy and they lost no time in hurrying to Duryodhana so that he too, could share the pleasure of knowing the Pandavas were being made to suffer.

Duryodhana gloated over the Pandavas hardships, but Sakuni, who hated the Pandavas, thought now was the time to rub salt into the wounds they had inflicted. "Let us go and see the distress of the Pandavas. Their kingdom has become ours, so we should go to the Dwaita forest and show these vanquished exiles a glimpse of our great prosperity."

"It would be the joy of joys for me to see the sufferings of the Pandavas with my own eyes," replied Duryodhana. "But the king is mortally afraid of the Pandavas, so he would never grant permission for me to go."

But Karna already had a bright idea to overcome any difficulty with King Dhritarashtra. "Send for the head cowherder and bribe him to tell the king that wild animals are



Duryodhana tells Dhritarashtra a false story in order to visit the forest

inflicting terrible losses on our cattle in the forest. The king will be only too pleased for us to go and kill the wild animals."

Duryodhana and Sakuni applauded such a thought and lost no time in sending for the head cowherder.

When Dhritarashtra was told the concocted story, he shook his head in doubt. "The wild animals should certainly be hunted, but I cannot agree that any of you should go. The Pandavas are residing in the forest and the sight of you will only add to their



The battle between the Kauravas and the Gandharvas

anger."

Duryodhana became vexed; "Have we got to give up hunting because of the Pandavas? We shall certainly not go anywhere near them."

Sakuni also added his oily words, and as usual, the weak minded king gave in and in a doleful voice said. "Go if you must, but avoid meeting the princes at all costs."

The Kauravas set out the next day with a great army and many followers. Duryodhana and Karna made no attempt to conceal their joy at the thought of being able to gloat over the

Pandava princes. They took care to have their luxurious tents raised within easy distance of where the Pandavas were living.

At the end of a day's hut, Duryodhana and his followers came to an attractive lake close to the hermitage of the Pandavas. Duryodhana liking the spot, gave orders for his camp to be pitched there.

But Chitrasena, the king of the Gandharvas had already encamped in the neighbourhood, and he indignantly refused to allow Duryodhana's men to put up their tents. When Duryodhana came to hear of this, his hot temper flared up and at the head of his army, marched to the lake intent on teaching these Gandharvas a lesson, for daring to resist his orders.

A great battle ensued between the Kauravas and the Gandharvas. At first it looked as though the Kauravas would emerge victorious with their sheer weight of numbers, but Chitrasena rallied his troops and using their magic weapons, caused havoc in the ranks of Duryodhana's army.

Karna and the other Kaurava princes had to flee from the





battlefield. Duryodhana stayed and tried to reassemble his troops, but Chitrasena soon took him prisoner, and placed him in his chariot bound hand and foot.

The remainder of the Karurava army fled in all directions and some of the fugitives took refuge in the Pandavas hermitage.

When Yudhishtira and his brothers were told of the battle and the capture of Duryodhana, Bhima was delighted and turning to Yudhishtira, said. "The Gandharvas have done what we should have done and Duryodhana richly deserves his fate."

But Yudhishtira rebuked Bhima: "Brother, the Kauravas are our kith and kin, and we cannot stand idly aside when they are attacked by strangers. We must do our utmost to rescue them."

So Yudhishtira and his brothers went to the Kaurava camp and rallied the routed army. When they offered to fight the Gandharvas, Chitrasena said he had no wish to fight the Pandavas and would willingly release Duryodhana and the other prisoners as he only wanted to teach the arrogant Kauravas a fitting lesson.

Duryodhana, shamed and dejected by being so badly beaten in battle, refused to be consoled by Yudhishtira's kind words, and rode back to Hastinapura, embittered and angry at being rescued by these accursed Pandavas.

Sakuni riding by his side, tried to soothe him. "Why do you fret and fume over these Pandavas. You possess their kingdom and all their riches. What more do you want?"

In a voice bursting with fury, Duryodhana said. "The day will come when I shall conquer the Pandavas."

GEOGRAPHY

Austria



GEOGRAPHY

Austria



GEOGRAPHY

Austria



GEOGRAPHY

Austria



GEOGRAPHY

Austria

POSSIBLY due to the large tourist trade of the Tyrol, native costumes have continued to be worn there long after other countries have abandoned them.

Throughout the Tyrol, the men wear the large-brimmed Tyrolean hats, although they come in a variety of shapes. They also often wear white shirts with the sleeves gathered just below the shoulders.

The usual colour of the men's stockings is white and they are made of ribbed wool.

Women wear pinafore-type dresses with white blouses but the blouses are cut differently from each other. Some are gathered at the elbow and others are fitting.

GEOGRAPHY

Austria

THE capital city of the Tyrol is Innsbruck. This stands on both banks of the River Inn and occupies a wide valley surrounded on all sides by high peaks. It is about 1,900 ft. above sea level and the population is around 110,000.

Innsbruck was originally a Roman military colony known as Veledidena but derived its present name from a bridge over the Inn. This is what "Innsbruck" means.

The empress, Maria Theresa, was very fond of the city and rebuilt the Imperial Palace of Hofburg in the Baroque rococo style.

The main street of Innsbruck is named after Maria Theresa and is known as Maria-Theresien-strasse.

The picture on the other side of this index card shows Innsbruck. In the foreground is the Leopold II fountain.

GEOGRAPHY

Austria

AUSTRIA is a republic in central Europe, bordered by Germany, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Italy and Switzerland. The area of the country is 32,350 square miles and the population is rather more than seven million.

The country is watered by the River Danube and its tributaries. It is divided into nine provinces. These are Vienna, Salzburg, Upper Austria, Lower Austria, Vorarlberg, Burgenland, Tyrol (with East Tyrol), Carinthia and Styria. The largest city is Vienna where probably rather more than a quarter of all Austrians live.

Iron, lead, magnesite and zinc are the principal minerals but there is little coal.

GEOGRAPHY

Austria

ONE of the main industries of Austria is the tourist trade. People come from all over the world come to the ski resorts and many young people take a tumble on the nursery slopes.

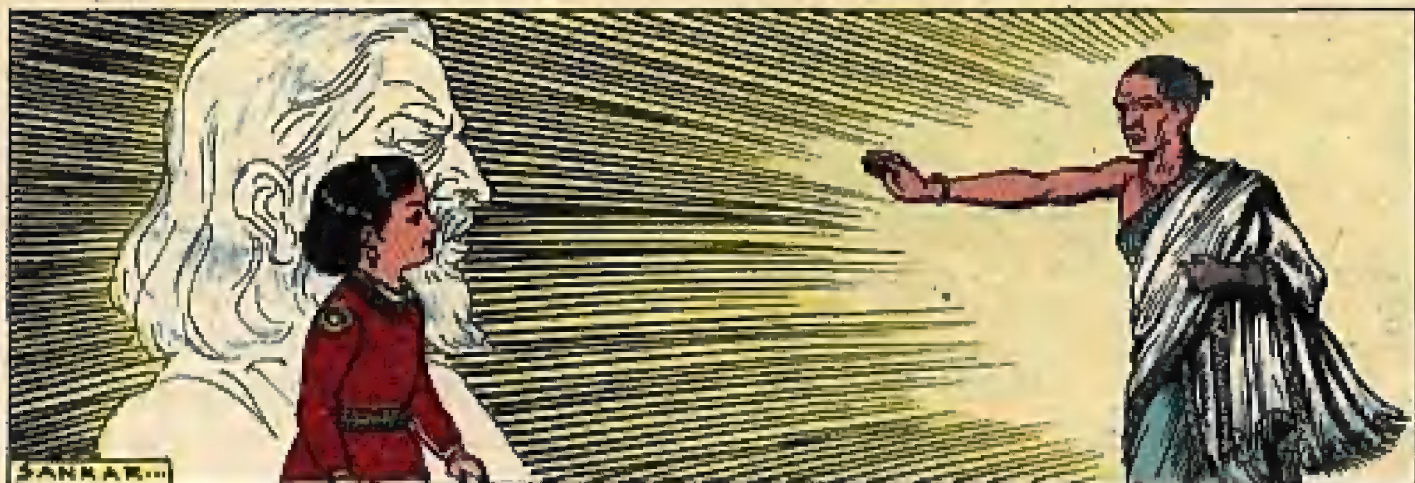
The Tyrol is one of the chief centres of ski-ing, since it is largely mountainous and the scenery is justifiably famous.

The picture on the other side of this index card shows a skier in the Tyrol.

Vienna is the capital city of Austria and, in the opinion of many people, is extremely beautiful.

Famous buildings include St. Stephen's Cathedral, the castle of Schonbrunn (on the outskirts) and the opera house.

The Austrian language is German and, in fact, the Austrians and Germans are very closely linked racially.



The Curse

Although Pradip was King of Sirupur, the power behind the throne was Rajaguru a priest, who was, if anything, the high priest in the black arts of witchcraft.

Let anyone dare to cross him, and before nightfall that unlucky person would be stricken with a terrible illness, or worse still, changed into some slimy reptile. Little wonder that the king was only too eager to agree with Rajaguru on everything.

Now the king had a daughter, Princess Manjula, who was fair and lovely. For a companion the princess had Saumya, the daughter of Rajaguru, who although very beautiful, was also bad tempered, and extremely jealous. The princess had to

put up with Saumya's tantrums in fear that Rajaguru would vent his spleen on the harassed king.

One sunny morning, Saumya decided they should go and bathe in a nearby stream. After the two girls had bathed, Saumya got out of the water first, and bedecked herself in the princess's sari and jewellery.

"But you are wearing my clothes," protested the princess.

Saumya gave her a disdainful look: "I shall wear what I please, and if you say another word, I will tell my father."

This was too much for the princess, who gave Saumya a push and sent her headlong into the stream. With a gay laugh the princess walked off,



The prince is not impressed
by Saumya's charm

leaving Saumya sitting in the water screaming in temper.

Soon afterwards, the Prince of Mangal, who was visiting Sirupur happened to ride past. Seeing a beautiful girl sitting in the stream, he promptly dismounted and went to her aid.

Saumya, knowing that this prince hoped to marry the princess, tried to bewitch him with all her charm, and all but proposed to him. But when the prince learned she was the daughter of the evil Rajaguru, he was glad, after escorting her to the palace, to ride away and forget the incident.

Saumya, back at the palace, stormed into the chamber where the princess was talking to her father, and shrieking at the top of her voice, accused the princess of trying to murder her.

The king tried to pacify her, and even her father endeavoured to quieten her, but Saumya refused to be cajoled, but instead, in a frigid voice, she demanded. "I must wed the Prince of Mangal, and henceforth the princess is to be my hand maiden, otherwise she is to be changed into a frog."

The poor king was horrified at this outburst, but Rajaguru, who always aspired for his daughter to marry a ruling prince, turned to the king and said. "What my daughter demands, must be done."

The Prince of Mangal, to avoid the wrath of Rajaguru, had to agree to marry Saumya and the princess, heartbroken, became Saumya's servant.

Saumya had conjured up a vivid impression as to what life would be like when she was married to the prince. She soon discovered that the prince had little time for her whims and fancies; her temper became ungovernable, and she would storm and scream, smashing

anything that came within her grasp.

As time went by, she had a son, whom the prince dearly loved, but not so the mother. In the end, the prince and princess decided to flee, and take the son with them. Later, when the marriage could be annulled, they would marry and bring Saumya's son up as their own.

The prince sadly realised that Saumya's father, Rajaguru, might very well take revenge on them, so he went boldly to the king to tell him all that had happened. When he was shown into the king's presence, his spirits dropped, for Rajaguru was already there and obviously in a bad mood. Before the prince could utter a word, Rajaguru pointed an accusing finger at him and shouted: "You treacherous dog, to treat my daughter so shamefully. From now onwards you will be as an old man of eighty, and so you will remain, unless someone wills themselves to take your old age."

Even as he spoke, the prince's figure shrivelled until he was a bent old figure, barely able to totter. This is the end, thought the prince, no one would ever



Rajaguru tells the King that his daughter shall marry the prince

want to be an aged person of eighty in his stead.

When at last he managed to reach home and told the princess of the curse laid on him by Rajaguru, she was horrified and burst into tears. His young son looked at him dolefully and ran out of the room.

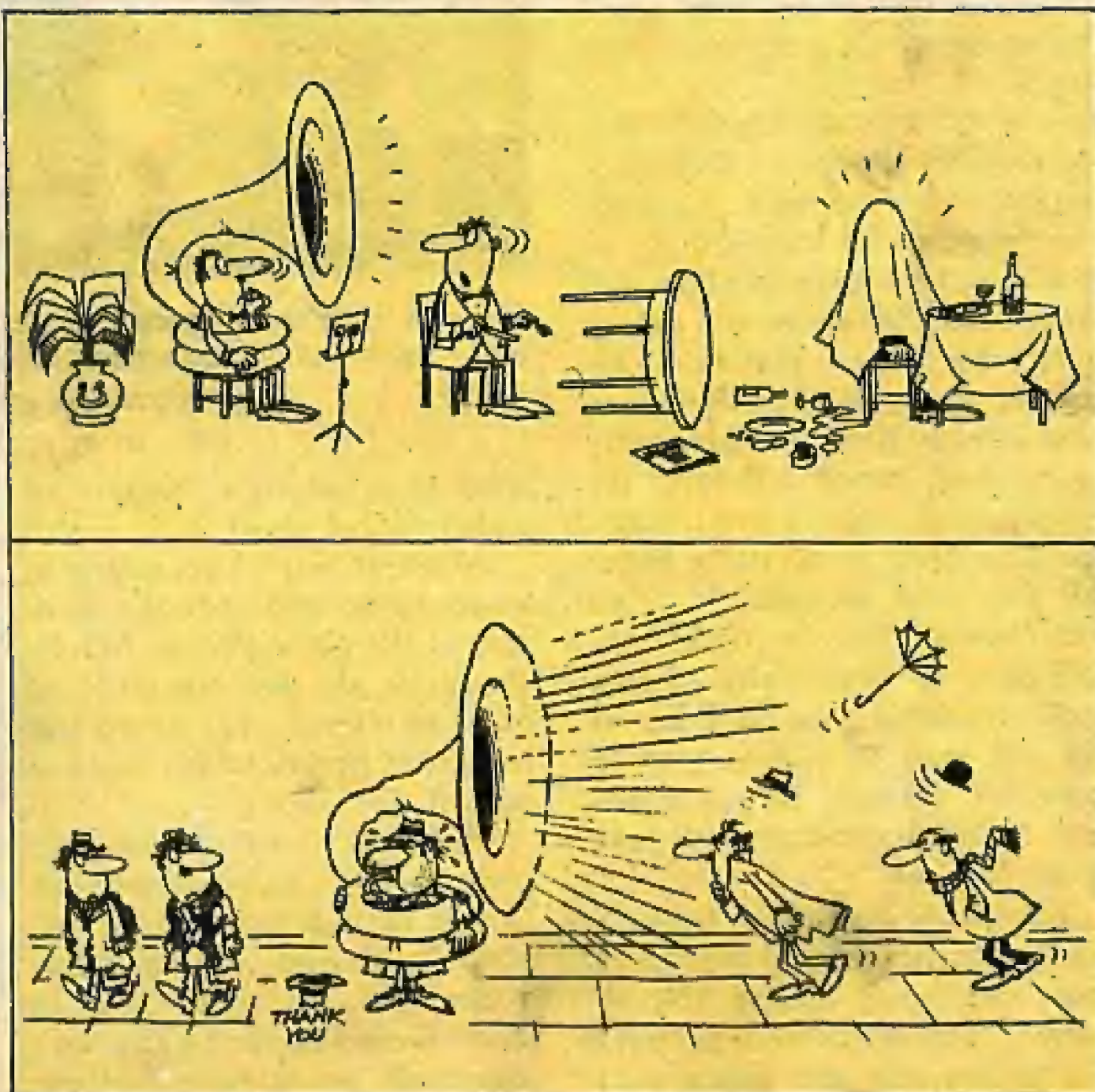
The next morning when the prince awoke, he was astounded to find he had regained his original figure and was no longer a decrepid old man. As he stood there wondering how such a miracle could have occurred,

the door opened slowly and in walked a diminutive aged dwarf. It was his son! The young child, having heard his father's poignant story, had willed himself to accept his father's curse.

This horrible story soon swept through the kingdom, and Rajaguru realising his curse had

now fallen on to his grandson, relented, and had the curse removed.

Happy days followed, when Rajaguru and his daughter Saumya left the kingdom, and the prince and the princess with their son, lived in peaceful happiness.





THE HORSE

This is the story of a peasant who had three sons. Two of the sons were hard workers and enjoyed farming. But the youngest son was a dreamer who loved to sit and watch the animals in the fields, the birds in the air, and all the wonders of nature.

Although he never did his fair share of the work on the farm, no one really grumbled because he was such a good natured lad. But one day his elder brother dubbed him the 'Idler,' and the name stuck to him for years.

Came the day, when the father told his sons it was time to plant the rice fields. The two elder brothers set about the task with their usual energy, but the Idler seemed to spend

most of the time watching the antics of a family of squirrels in a nearby tree. By sundown the work was finished, and the three brothers tramped off home tired but happy.

As the sons were having breakfast the following morning, the father burst into the room grumbling that some wild animals had trampled on the seedlings in one of the fields and precious hours would have to be spent planting fresh seedlings.

The two elder brothers set about the work in their usual good spirits, and soon repaired the damage. But that night again some mysterious animal trampled many of the seedlings into the ground.

The father pointed out that



The horse flew like a bird

they could not go on planting seedlings every day, so the brothers must take it in turns to watch the fields by night and catch the animals that were doing all the damage.

On the first night the eldest brother agreed to go and keep watch for this marauding animal, and although he tried hard to keep awake, he dropped off to sleep during the night. When he awoke it was dawn and to his horror, he saw that in one of the rice fields the unwelcome visitor had again trampled the seedlings into the ground.

The following night the Idler

volunteered to be the night watchman. When he arrived at the rice fields the moon had already risen, and the fields were bathed in a silvery light. Making himself comfortable under a tree, the Idler thought it would be nice to sleep under the stars. But somehow he just couldn't make himself comfortable, so he contended himself with seeing how many stars he could count in the heavens.

In the early hours of the morning, he was startled to see a large white horse solemnly plodding up and down one of the rice fields. Jumping to his feet, the Idler ran after the horse, shouting, "You villian! Wait till I catch you."

But the horse had no intention of waiting, and just as the Idler got near, it rose in the air, just like a bird.

The Idler gave a great leap and managed to get a firm grip on the horse's tail. This didn't seem to disturb the horse, which rose higher and higher, and flew over hills and forests till they came to a great valley, far more beautiful than anything the Idler had ever seen.

The horse landed beside a stream, and turning its head to look at the Idler, said. "Let go

of my tail, and I promise not to trample your rice fields again."

"I'll not let go till you make good all the damage you have done," retorted the Idler hotly.

The horse nodded its head: "A month from now I will bring you one of my foals. Will that please you?"

"It's a bargain," replied the Idler, who always wanted to own a horse. "But first of all, you must take me home."

"Right," said the horse. "Jump on my back."

With the Idler on its back, the horse flew back across the country and landed the Idler right at the doorstep of his home.

The Idler never breathed a word to his father or his brothers about the magic horse, but from that day, he was out early in the morning cutting timber in the forest, which he used for building a stable, much to the puzzlement of his family.

True to its word at the end of a month, the magic horse appeared, with a younger horse. The Idler was certainly excited, for the gift horse was a noble beast; golden in colour, with two peculiar humps on its back, which formed a natural saddle.

When the father and the bro-

thers saw the Idler's wonderful horse, their eyes nearly popped out with astonishment. "That horse is worth a fortune," exclaimed the eldest brother. "If we sell it to the king, he will give us sufficient gold to keep us in comfort."

"Let us sell the horse to the king," said the Idler. "Then we shall never have to work hard in future."

When the King was shown the horse, he too went into raptures of delight and offered to pay any price for the animal. But the keeper of the king's horses looked dubiously at the



The king commands the Idler to fetch the Princess



The Idler and the Princess fly to the palace

horse: "Your Majesty," he said. "I know nothing about looking after such a horse. Let this fellow," pointing to the Idler, "stay and be responsible for the horse."

The Idler, who was greatly attached to the horse, readily agreed, and so his brothers returned home happy and contented with the money given to them by the King.

The Idler soon discovered that the King was a stubborn, ill-tempered tyrant who enjoyed having his poor servants flogged or beheaded for the most trivial offences. And so, the Idler

took care to avoid the King as much as possible. But one morning, the King sent for him, and the Idler wondered what could be amiss.

The King appeared to be in one of his usual bad moods. "Take your horse," he commanded the Idler, "and bring the Princess of Sagar here, so that I can marry her."

"But I don't even know where Sagar is," said the Idler blandly.

The King frowned at him. "You will obey my command, or I will have your head lopped off."

Poor Idler scurried out of the palace, and hurrying to the stables, told his horse of the King's command. The horse shook its head and said. "Don't worry, I will take you to Sagar, but first the King must give you some costly gifts to entice the Princess here."

As soon as the Idler managed to get a casket of jewels from the grumbling King, he mounted his horse, and was soon flying high above the countryside to this unknown Kingdom of Sagar.

After travelling for nearly two days, the horse alighted beside a small wooded hill, "Put the casket on the ground and wait nearby," said the horse,

"and I will fetch the Princess."

Soon afterwards the horse returned with the Princess on its back, and as soon as she saw the casket of jewels, she jumped off the horse and picked up the casket. The Idler decided not to waste any time on explanations, so he gathered the Princess in his arms, and mounted his horse. But on the journey back he told the Princess the whole story.

When they arrived at the King's palace, the King overjoyed to see that the Princess was lovelier than rumours had described, asked her to marry him.

The Princess looked at him with doubtful distrust. "I will marry you, on condition that the youth who brought me here, bathes in boiling milk at day-break tomorrow."

The King, who would have willingly boiled his whole court in oil in order to marry the Princess, said it would be a pleasure. The Idler, was flabbergasted at the Princess's demand, but his horse nudged him in the back and whispered. "Do not worry, everything will be all right."

In the courtyard next morning there was a huge cauldron filled



The Idler enjoys his bath

with milk, with a blazing fire beneath. Standing beside the cauldron was Idler's horse, blowing into the cauldron to keep the milk from getting too hot.

The Idler walked up to the cauldron, and dipping his finger into the milk cried, "It's not hot enough. Put some more faggots on the fire."

The men standing around rushed to obey, and the Idler, with a grin, clambered into the cauldron, and as the milk was only warm, he enjoyed his bath.

Afterwards the King deman-

ded the Princess to name the wedding day.

"Oh no!" said the Princess coolly. "Before we can marry, you must also bathe in boiling milk just as the youth did."

What, me?" shouted the King, almost speechless with horror.

The Princess sighed. "Surely you are not afraid?"

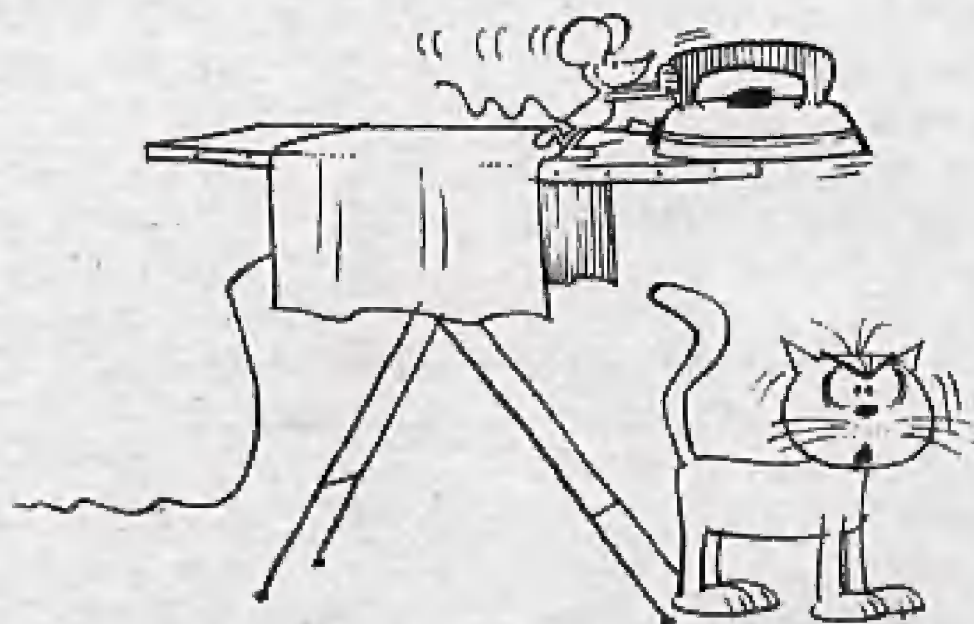
The stubborn King, determined to marry the Princess, had to agree, and in a wretched voice ordered that the cauldron of milk be ready in the morning.

At dawn next morning, the cauldron was boiling away, and there was no horse blowing to

keep the milk cool. The King, with hesitant footsteps, approached the cauldron and dipped his finger into the milk, and with a yell that could be heard for miles, jumped a foot in the air.

"Surely, Your Majesty," said the Princess coldly. "You are not frightened to do what the youth did?"

Maddened by the Princess's taunt, the King jumped into the cauldron, and that was the boiling end of the King. Later, the Princess married the Idler, and he was quite happy to be known as Prince Idler.



"Where's that mouse? I'll flatten him when I find him!"

The Mischievous Wood-Sprite

The legends, tales, songs and proverbs of the ancient Slavonic people, who lived in the Balkans and Central and Eastern Europe, are peopled by mysterious beings with strange, magical properties.

Immense areas covered with forests, marshes, lakes and rivers were occupied by the Slavs. They fished, hunted and reared cattle in open spaces amid vast forests, where they grew corn. Isolated in small groups of families, they were helpless before the forces of nature, and so they invented strange creatures to provide an explanation for the happenings they could not understand.

They filled the clouds, the earth, forests, rivers, fields, stables and houses with mysterious gods which controlled the storms, the flooding of rivers, the growth of good or bad crops and the wonder of day and night.

Their explanations rid them of the fears of ordinary, natural happenings and gave rise, in their stories, to the existence of some wonderful creatures.

One of these was Leshy, the spirit of the forest, whose name comes from the Slavonic word *les*, meaning *forest*.

Leshy is supposed to have had a human shape but, because its blood was blue, its cheeks had a bluish tinge. It had green eyes which often popped out of their sockets, tufted eyebrows and a beard that was long, green and straggling.

According to some stories, it wore a red sash, put its left shoe on its right foot and buttoned its cloak the wrong way round.

Not only did the Leshy throw no shadows, but it could also change its shape. If it were walking in the forest, its head would reach the top of the tallest tree. But when it was

strolling on the edge of the forest among low bushes and grass, it became a dwarf, tiny enough to hide under a leaf.

Each Leshy had its own kingdom, which it guarded proudly, and would not enter a neighbour's land. And woe betide and stranger who strayed into the Leshy's kingdom. If a man came looking for mushrooms, or a hunter wandered too far into the woods, the Leshy would make him get lost. Though the hunter plunged through the wood helplessly in each direction, the Leshy always brought him back to the spot from which he had started.

Luckily, the Leshy was a good-natured sprite, who always let its victim go in the end, especially if the lost person knew how to free himself from the spell.

To do this, the wanderer had to sit down under a tree trunk, take off his clothes and put them on again backwards. It was very important not to forget to put the left shoe on the right foot.

At the beginning of every October, the Leshies died temporarily—or at any rate, disappeared—until the following spring. When they came back

with the warmer weather, the Leshies were filled with anger, and were wild and dangerous as they roamed the forests.

Strange sounds like laughter, sobbing or cries and screeches like those of savage beasts or birds of prey were all said to be made by Leshies.

According to some legends, each Leshy had a wife, who was called a Leshachikha, and children, who were Leshonki.

If the ancient Slavonic people left the forests to escape the Leshy, they were still not free from strange beings. While they lived by streams, lakes, pools or rivers they had a mysterious enemy in the form of the Vodyanoi. Its name comes from the word *voda*, which means water, for the Vodyanoi was a water-sprite.

Different descriptions are given of the Vodyanoi's appearance. In some stories, it has a human face and a tail, long horns, eyes like burning coals and big toes.

Others describe it as a moss and grass covered giant with a human shape. But it was sufficiently frightening to warn people away from the perils of deep water in the dark woods of the Balkans.



To escape from a Leshy's spell, a victim had to take off his clothes and put them on again the wrong way round, making sure that his left shoe was on his right foot.



HOW SUMMER CAME TO CANADA

Once, long ago, only Red Indians lived in Canada. Their great lord and creator was named Glooskap. No-one knew where Glooskap had come from; he had sailed far across the sea in a stone canoe

and landed one day on the shores of Canada. Being lonely, he had created the fairies and the elves, then he made the Indians, to live in the beautiful land of Canada with him and lastly, the birds and the animals.



The Red Indians were happy, for Glooskap was kind and good, until a great giant came from the far North. He was very old and very strong and even Glooskap's magic had no power over him, for his name was Winter.

Canada grew very cold. There was ice and snow everywhere, no plants or flowers would grow and soon there was very little food and the people were starving. Even the fires they lit hardly kept them from freezing.

Then, one of the birds told Glooskap of a land far across the sea, where it was always warm and the flowers always bloomed. It lay far to the South and its queen was the only person of whom the giant Winter was afraid, for she was the only one on Earth whose power was greater than his.

Glooskap, determined to set out at once in search of her, went down to the sea-shore and called to his old friend the whale. When she came Glooskap told her of the journey he wished to make and asked her to carry him over the sea.

The whale agreed, but she told Glooskap that he must keep his eyes shut all the time. "If you open them, I shall certainly go aground on a reef or a sand-bar," she told him, "and if I cannot get off again you might be drowned."

Glooskap promised to keep his eyes tightly shut and he set off, riding on the whale's back. It was a long journey and they had to travel for many days. All the while, the air grew warmer and gentle breezes blew and they carried the scent of fruit and flowers.

Soon, they were no longer in the deep water of the ocean,

but travelling through shallow water and the little clams, which lived in the sand, sang a song to the whale. "Keep out to sea, big whale," they sang, "for here the water is shallow and you will go aground."

The whale did not understand what they were saying, so she asked Glooskap and Glooskap, who was in a hurry to get ashore, replied, "They tell you to go faster, for there is a great storm coming." Then he opened one eye, to see if the water was shallow

enough for him to jump off the whale's back and reach the shore.

As he opened his eye, the whale went aground on a sandbank, as Glooskap had hoped she would and the water was so shallow that he was able to jump ashore. The whale was very angry, for she was afraid that she might not be able to get off the sandbank, but with one mighty push, Glooskap sent her skimming back into deep water again. Then, so that they might remain friends, he





gave her a present. He threw out to her a pipe and a bag of Indian tobacco leaves.

The whale was delighted. As she swam out to sea again, she lit the pipe and began to smoke it. Glooskap could see her blowing the smoke up until she was far out to sea and to this day the whale has Glooskap's pipe. Sailors sometimes see her rise to the surface to smoke it and blow the smoke up into the air.

Then Glooskap set out to find the queen. He found a road which led through banks

of flowers and he followed it until it led him to an orange grove. From beyond it, he heard the sound of laughter and when he crept nearer, he saw a group of girls. In their midst was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen and he was sure that this was the queen for whom he was searching.

He took his magic pipe and played a soft tune and, unable to resist its sound, she came across to the grove to find out where the music came from. When she reached him, Glooskap picked her up in his arms

and fled, running swift as the wind towards his own land, far to the North. As he ran, he unwound behind him a long cord made from moose hide, for he wanted to know the way back to the Land of the Flowers.

When they reached Canada, the giant welcomed them gladly, for all the people were now under his power and fast asleep and he thought that he could put Glooskap and his lovely companion to sleep, too.

He invited them both into his tent, but to his surprise his magic had no effect on them. He was the one who fell under their spell. Soon he found drops of sweat tricking down his face and his tent began to melt away. All the things which Winter had put to sleep began to wake again. The rivers began to flow, the buds appeared on the trees, the grass and the corn began to grow



once more and all the people began to wake from their sleep.

The queen laughed. "I am Summer," she said to the giant. "Your magic has no power over me."

The giant, knowing that his long reign was at an end began to weep and Summer felt sorry for him, so she said, "I have proved that I am stronger than you, but I will not banish you completely. I will give you the far Northland, where you can do no harm, for your kingdom. There you may rule and I will never disturb you. You may return to Glooskap's country for six months every year, but

your reign must not be so severe. I shall return myself from the Southland to rule for the other six months."

Winter had to accept. He went far away to the North, returning to Glooskap's country for six months every year, but never was he as severe as before. When Winter came, Summer would run back to her home in the Southland, following the cord which Glooskap had placed there, but always at the end of six months, she ran back, to drive old Winter back to his home in the North and make sure all the trees and flowers began to grow again.



The Wrestling Match

The King was in a tantrum. He was pacing up and down his audience chamber, muttering to himself and glowering at a document he held. His chief minister quietly entered the chamber, and as soon as the king saw him, he hurried forward and thrust the document under the minister's nose.

"Read that," he thundered. "That braggart King Sambal has sent a challenge for a contest between his wrestling champion and our man. If I refuse the challenge, King Sambal will call me a coward, and if his champion beats our man, he will never stop crowing."

"I know, I know," replied the minister. "But the trouble is Bhola Shankar, our champion, is getting on in years, and at present he is sick. He has never lost a bout in all the years, but now, he is in no condition to even fight a novice."

The King threw up his hands in disdain. "Why tell me what I already know. Bhola Shankar

has always been recognized as the champion wrestler of all India. Now King Sambal has found a colossal brute whom he has sent to fight our man. What do we do?"

"Leave it to me, Your Majesty," said the minister, stroking his beard. "Maybe I can find a way to beat this challenger."

The chief minister hurried out, and when he saw the challenger, his eyes nearly popped out of his head. King Sambal had certainly dug up a brute of a man, who looked more like a great ape than a human being.

"So you're the challenger," said the minister. "Well, the preparations will take several days. So we will find a nice tent for you to live in, until the day of the bout."

"Bah! let me get at him," snarled the challenger. "I will tear your champion limb from limb."

When at last the minister had got this boasting wrestler safely housed in a tent, he

scurried off to lay his plans to win the match. Several hours later, the challenger, hearing a lot of noise outside his tent, peered out to see what was going on. There was the minister shouting orders to a lot of coolies who were carrying big iron bars, which they threw down outside the tent with sighs of relief.

It took six coolies to carry each of these bars of iron, which were taller than a man, and as thick as a man's thigh. The challenger called out to the minister: "What are these bars for?"

"Ah," replied the minister with a smile. "These are for our champion to practise with. He throws them around, and then bends them in all manner of shapes and even ties them in knots."

"Bends these bars and ties them in knots?" the challenger could not believe his ears, and without another word and scratching his head, he stumbled back to his bed.

Early next morning, the challenger was awakened by an unearthly din of clashing gongs, elephants trumpeting and a bedlam of shouting. Rushing outside he saw the minister

calmly watching an army of men striving to tether a wild elephant.

Rushing to the minister, the challenger in high indignation shouted; "Why bring that dangerous beast so close to my tent?"

"Dangerous beast?" said the minister with feigned surprise. "Why our champion always practises his holds on a wild elephant."

"Practises with a wild elephant?" stammered the challenger.

"Of course he does," replied the minister looking very smug. "Why I have seen our champion catch a wild elephant by one of its front legs, and throw the beast over his shoulder, with the greatest of ease."

This was too much for the challenger, who with a bewildered look on his face and muttering about iron bars and elephants, stumbled back to his tent.

The following morning, the minister came into the audience chamber, his face beaming with smiles. "I am afraid, Your Majesty," he announced meekly, "our would be challenger left rather hurriedly during the night."

THE MAN OF CLAY

Far away in Asgard, which lay far above the Earth, the gods lived, or so the Norsemen of old believed. The gods were strong and fierce, loving adventure and many were the tales that the Norsemen told of them. They were ruled by the great god Odin, father of all the gods.

Odin had a horse of which he was very proud, for it was the best of all horses. It was eight-legged and could carry him swiftly over rocks and plains, without tiring.

One day, Odin rode his eight-legged horse out of Asgard and over mountains and plains until he reached Jotenheim, the land of the giants, who were the enemies of the gods. Hrungrir, the strongest of all the giants, whose head was of stone and whose heart was of flint, saw Odin ride past. "Who are

you, stranger in the golden helmet?" he called out.

"I am Odin," came the reply.

"Then that must be your wonderful horse of whom I have heard so many tales," said the giant. "But wonderful though he is, I doubt if he is as swift as my horse."

Hrungrir challenged Odin to a race and Odin agreed. Off they went, galloping across the rocks and plains of Jotenheim and all the time Odin was gaining on Hrungrir. They did not stop until they had reached





Asgard and then, for the first time, Hrungnir realised where he was. He turned angrily on Odin. "Is this a trap which I have been led into?" he demanded. "Have you tricked me into coming all the way to Asgard to kill me, for I know that the gods are no friends to the giants?"

"It shall never be said of the gods that they tricked one of the giants into coming to their home and killed him there," said Odin. "You are welcome to stay here and feast with us in safety, if you wish."

There was only one god who would never have let a giant into Asgard and that was Thor, the mighty god of thunder, greatest enemy of the giants. Thor was away from Asgard, seeking adventure and the other gods welcomed Hrungnir as a guest.

He was given a seat at the table and he feasted and drank well, too well, in fact, for the mead which the gods gave him was stronger than the mead he was used to drinking, so that it went to his head and made him boastful and discourteous. He talked more and more loudly

of how strong he was, saying that none of the gods could match him for strength and that one day he would return as an enemy and then he would pick up their great palace of Valhalla, which stood in the middle of Asgard and carry it, in one hand, back to Jotenheim.

"I shall destroy you all," he cried. "Only the goddess Sif and the goddess Freya shall be spared, Sif, because she has beautiful golden hair and Freya because she has refilled my glass with mead whenever it has been empty. Those two I will take back to Jotenheim with me and they shall be my wives."

It was at that moment that Thor, the mighty god of Thunder, strode into the hall. He was very angry to hear a giant speaking in such a way of his wife, Sif. "Why is a giant here in Asgard as an honoured guest?" cried Thord and Hrungrir answered insolently that he was there at Odin's bidding. So angry was Thor at the insolent answer that he raised his great hammer, to strike the giant to the ground, but the other gods called to him to stop, for the giant was a guest and it would bring great shame on

them if they killed an unarmed guest in their hall.

Thor lowered his hammer and the giant suggested that they should meet and fight it out in single combat. They chose the time and the place and Hrungrir rode back to Jotenheim to prepare.

When the giants in Jotenheim heard about the duel to come, they were afraid. They feared that if Thor killed Hrungrir, the strongest of the giants, it would go hard with the weaker ones should they ever annoy him.

"Thor will bring his squire with him," they told Hrungrir. "You, too, must have a squire and he must be so mighty that even the sight of him will fill Thor with fear. In that way, we may be able to defeat him."

However, there was no one in all the land of Jotenheim big enough or fierce enough to act as Hrungrir's squire and strike terror to the heart of the mighty god Thor, so finally, they decided to make a man of clay. When he was finished, he stood nine miles high and three miles broad and they gave him the heart of a mare. Then, his preparations complete, Hrungrir waited for Thor.

The giant was given a seat at the table and he feasted and drank well.



They felt him coming, for his mighty stride shook the earth as he moved. At once Hrungnir took up his heavy stone shield and his huge battleaxe, which was made of flint, but the man of clay trembled and was afraid, for he had only a mare's heart and it was weak and timid.

Thor's squire, the young peasant lad named Thialfi, ran on ahead, for he had an idea. When he reached the place where the giant was waiting, he

laughed and said, "I thought you were well prepared, but I was wrong."

"I am well protected," replied the giant. "I have my great stone shield and my battleaxe".

"But what use is your shield when you hold it in front of you?" asked Thialfi. "Thor is coming up out of the ground. You can hear the earth rumble as it splits to let him through. What use is a shield over your heart when the earth is about

to open under your feet?"

The foolish giant threw his shield to the ground and stood on it, so that when Thor came in sight he was unprepared. Thor hurled his great hammer and the giant hurled his mighty battleaxe and the two weapons met in mid-air with such a shattering crash that the battleaxe broke in two.

One half of it shattered into a million pieces, which scattered over the Earth. That is why Earth is covered with pieces of flint. The other half of the battleaxe went deep into Thor's brow, so that he fell to the ground.

Thor's mighty hammer struck the giant on the middle of his stone head so that it split in half and the giant fell to the ground, dead.

Then young Thialfi rushed at the giant's huge squire with his sword drawn and although he was nine miles high, the squire was only made of clay so that, although his mare's heart quivered with fright, he was not able to turn and run away. It needed only one blow to fell him and he hit the ground with such force that the earth trembled.

Then Thialfi saw that Thor

was lying pinned to the ground by one of the giant's huge legs, which was across his neck. Try as he might, Thialfi could not move it. He called all the rest of the gods, but they could not free Thor. Then Thor's little son came running up and although he was only a child, he lifted Hrungrir's leg from his father's neck and freed him easily. All the gods marvelled at his strength and said that he would grow to be more powerful than all of them.

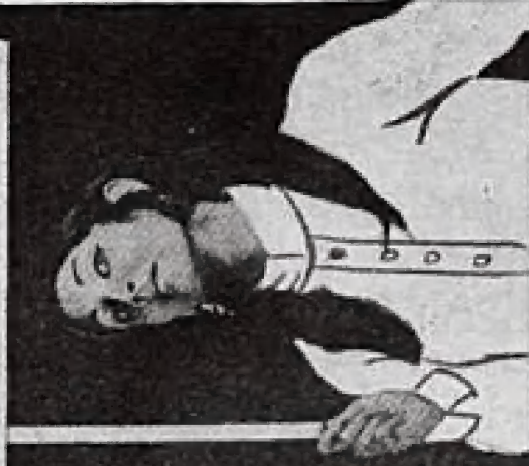
Thor returned with the other gods to Asgard, but the flint from Hrungrir's battleaxe remained always in his head. That is why, among the Norsemen, it was always considered a bad thing to throw a flint tool down on the ground, for they feared that by doing so, the flint in Thor's head might be disturbed and it might give the mighty god a headache.



**I WANT A POWDER
THAT
WASHES CLOTHES
WHITEST**

**I'D LIKE A POWDER
THAT WASHES
COLOURED CLOTHES
BRIGHTEST**

**GIVE ME A POWDER
THAT'S SAFEST
FOR CLOTHES—AND
MY HANDS TOO**



3 women. 3 completely different demands. So 3 different washing powders? "Not necessarily" said our Research Technician. "Let's put all 3 demands into one washing powder."

The result:

NEW TRIPLE ACTION DET

- New Det is a whiter powder—contains a superior whitener for the whitest wash.
- New Det has extra cleaning power. Removes even hidden dirt, leaves coloured clothes brightest.
- New Det's richer lather contains an exclusive softener. Safest for your clothes—softest on your hands!

5 new sizes: Det 200, 400, 600, 800, 1000



Shilpi HPMA-161 F/71

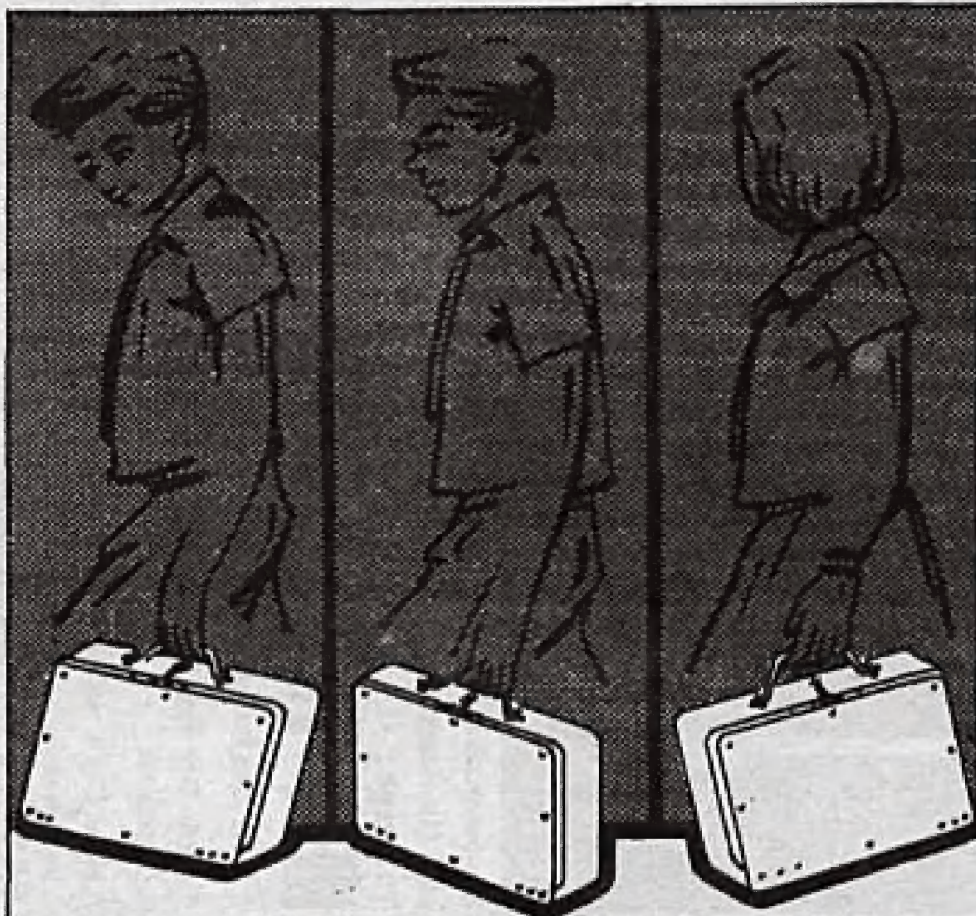


To Subscribers . . .

Address-changes are recorded during the first week so as to see that subscriber mailing of the different CHANDAMAMAs commencing in the second week is not delayed. For this same reason requests received after 5th have often to be held over till the next mailing. It would, therefore, be convenient if changes in addresses are communicated to us at the month-beginning.

We seek your co-operation.

DOLTON AGENCIES
VADAPALANI :; MADRAS-26



**Handy,
Strong,
Durable
ALUMINIUM
STUDENT
BOXES**



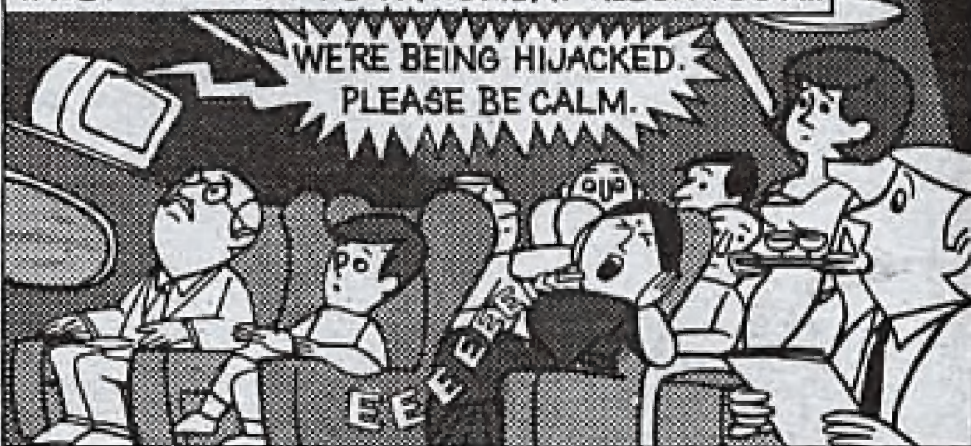
Jeevanlal (1929) Ltd.

ALUMINIUM, BRASS &
STAINLESS STEELWARE MFRS.
127, MINT STREET,
POST BOX NO. 1389, MADRAS-1.

CALCUTTA - MADRAS - BOMBAY
HYDERABAD - DELHI
MADRAS - COCHIN

TABBY and the Hijackers

TABBY TAKES OFF FOR A HOLIDAY RESORT. BUT....

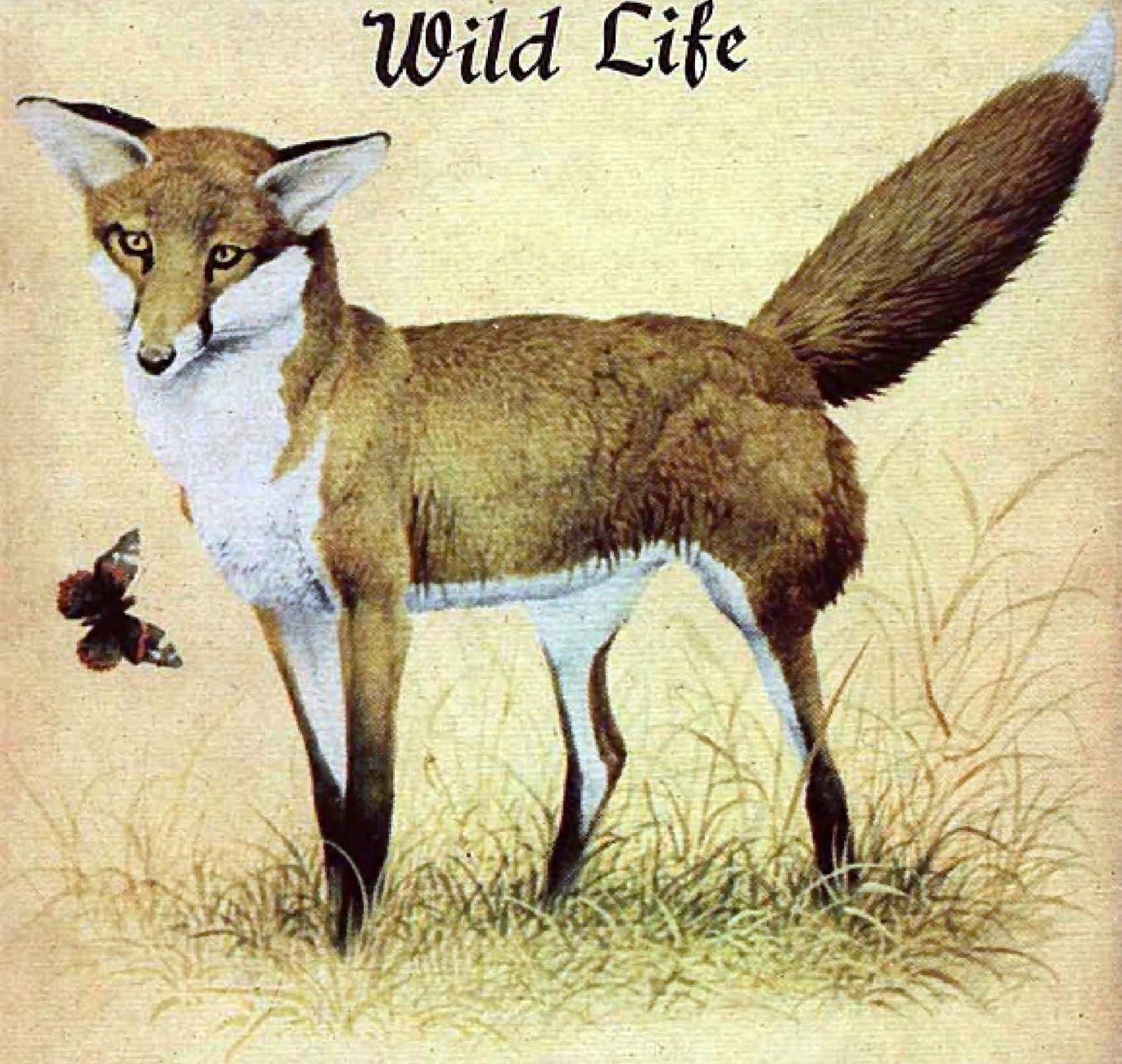


APRIL 1972

Regd. No. M. 8686

Registered as a Newspaper in Ceylon

Wild Life



F for Fox. This fellow with a mischievous gleam in his eye is said to be one of the most cunning of animals. He is found in many countries, including India.